

A LEGACY TO SHARE



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A LEGACY TO SHARE

Biography of a Man's Father

WATSON S. MOORE

by his son

WARREN

1962

A LEGACY TO SHARE

To Aunt Sarah and Aunt Ruth
with love

Helen and Sparrow Moore

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To my youngest grandson:
WARREN CONWELL MOORE
this story is dedicated.

I had first thought to write him a letter concerning his great-grandfather, but the story grew and grew, as he will grow, and ultimately appraise the quality and stature of his worthy ancestor.

W. S. M.

This fragmentary account of Watson Moore, father, businessman and churchman is, of course, for the most part, a personal one, set down in a rambling way as my memory of him unfolds. Relatives and contemporaries might well revise the scenes and incidents, that I have attributed to Father, but this is my story to children, grandchildren and friends who knew him. My thought wanders, somewhat, across the years, but that is the way I learned of his boyhood and business life, a glimpse here, a scrap there, about his father, the family in Baltimore, and his contemporaries on the Board of Trade.

I have enjoyed writing these pages about a truly great soul. Most everything that I have written about Father is laudatory, but he was by no means perfect. Like others, he made mistakes; unlike some, he was big enough to ask forgiveness. I am particularly indebted to relatives of my generation for contributing important information about Father, and for accounts of personal experiences with him.

Watson Moore left his children a priceless heritage, a good name, and more — something similar to what John Burroughs wrote about a camping trip on the upper Delaware. He was breaking camp in the morning, said the author, preparing to go down stream in his canoe. He had put out the fire, packed his blanket and food and was looking around, rather conscious that he had left something. What was it? Then it dawned on him. He had left part of himself. Yonder was where he had watched an oriole building her nest. Here is where he built his fire. There he had slept. Watson Moore went like that, downstream in the morning. He left a part of himself in every task, at which he worked, and in our home, where he lived.

WARREN S. MOORE

Preface

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December, 1962

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A LEGACY TO SHARE

1. Three Graces

WE CAME FROM THE SEA. Our blood carries the same salinity as the ocean, and the moods of man are not unlike the succession of calm, storm and tide that becomes the sea. Though man has wandered far from the shores of his early abode, yet has the sea followed him, in devious ways, to meet his needs, to water his fields and carry his produce. Robert Grant has caught the roll of life-giving water and God's eternal care:

*Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite;
It gleams in the air; it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills; it descends to the plain
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.*

*Three
Graces*

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The role of women is like the sea. From the beginning, they have first given life to man, then sustained him, and finally clothed him, fed him, healed him throughout his long journey. Fortunate is the man who has had a good mother, a good counselor, a good wife. Father had all three. Caroline Ann Sadler, his good mother, gave him life; Mrs. George Spencer, the wife of his partner, gave him friendship and wise counsel; Jessie Tyler, his devoted wife, gave him five children and a lifetime of love and care.

Looking back upon former generations, it occurs to this descendant, that Father received his verve and quick wit from the Moore side, his resourcefulness and grit from the Sadlers. Mother said that one of her ancestors, a Tyler, had come over in the Mayflower, but when they together looked over the roster of that famous voyage in Plymouth, there were no Tylers listed, but four Moores. Mother said, "Probably deported."

The Sadlers were farm people. Richard Sadler, from whom this line of thrifty land owners came, arrived in America from England, prior to 1750. He settled in York (now Adams County, Pennsylvania), according to Rippey Sadler, a direct descendant, now living in Brooklyn. Richard left two sons and one daughter. To each he gave a Pennsylvania farm, and it is from the second son, Isaac (see accompanying chart) that Watson Sutherland Moore was descended.

The landed gentry of Eastern Pennsylvania took pride in their well tilled acres. Their fields were clean, their barns well built and their stock sleek and fat. Grandma Moore, Father's mother, spoke of their horses being driven off by Confederate marauders. Little wonder. The Sadler's horses and smoke houses must have been a prize package for rebel foragers. Isaac and his daughters drove in the family surrey to Gettysburg, for the dedication services, and heard Lincoln give his memorable address, in November, 1863.

Isaac Sadler's farm was near Carlisle, Pennsylvania. Farms then were truly "do it yourself" institutions. Father worked there summers, as a boy, and for his pay, received a new suit of clothes and a hog. He delighted in telling about the well kept orchard, the smoke house and fascinating tool shed, complete with grindstone and forge. Grandma Moore used to relate how she and her sister Maggie would race bareback over stubble fields and down the lane. She was born in March and would say, "Them March birds they's terrors."

Isaac Sadler, my great-grandfather, belonged to the gentry of those parts. He wore his plug hat on all occasions, cutting grain in the fields or on his way to meetin'; no difference, where Isaac

went, there went the plug hat. Isaac Sadler and Isabella Trimble had eight children, six girls and two sons. I never heard Father speak of the youngest, John. He must have died when very young. But he mentioned his Uncle Watson and liked him. Caroline Ann was the third oldest. She was a stalwart soul, sober-minded and devout. One night she heard someone breaking in. Upon investigation, she found a negro in the act of crawling through a window. She didn't strike him or call for the police. She simply said to him, "Young man, your going to come to no good end."

From a background of comfortable circumstances, Caroline Ann, moved out into the almost unfurnished world of a young Methodist preacher. No one country church of that day could support a minister. Two or three comprised the parish. Part of the minister's compensation was produce of the farm, a quarter of beef, a bushel of apples or a pig. Parsonages were like the preacher's pay, furnished with handouts. It was a hard decision to make, one that only a strong character could avow. Knowing that she was going from security to insecurity, from independence to dependence, she packed her belongings, stepped in the Reverend Moore's one-horse buggy and looked a strange, new world square in the face.

"You will be taking the vows of poverty, if you marry that preacher," her father had said. But marry him she would. How well she remembered the warning, when James Moore, her husband, only 41, succumbed to an unknown illness, while conducting a funeral service, and three days later died in the Cemetery Caretaker's house. This left Caroline, his wife, to bring up five boys, the oldest nine. Watson, the second son was seven. Relatives wanted to adopt this one and that, but Grandmother Moore would not hear of it. She would manage somehow, and manage it she did, on a minister's widow's pension of \$300 a year.

In the summer's heat of drab, red brick Baltimore, Caroline would recall the shady apple orchard in blossom and the sweet mock orange growing beside the old stone house in Carlisle. But she carried on, uncomplaining. Her high resolve was to lay the foundations of faith deep in the hearts of her boys. Hence, the decision

*Three
Graces*

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*Caroline Sadler Moore,
Mother of Watson S. Moore*



*Three
Graces*

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*Rev. James Gibbons Moore,
father of Watson S. Moore*

to keep them together under her roof. Here they would learn the fundamental precepts of life, expressed in the Sermon on the Mount and the psalms of David, "God is our refuge and strength, therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea."

Watson Sutherland Moore was born in the parsonage at Newville, Pennsylvania, November 13, 1867. James Moore, a brother, was two years older. After Watson, came three brothers, Isaac, William and Carey. Watson was named after an uncle, Watson Sadler. But from whence his middle name, Sutherland was chosen, we do not know. The Moore family first lived in Newville, Pennsylvania. Reverend Moore then joined the Baltimore Conference and the family lived successively in Abbington, Cub Hill and Arlington, Maryland, all suburbs of Baltimore. As was customary then, Reverend Moore probably conducted three services in different churches on Sunday, one in the morning, one in the afternoon and the third, Sunday evening.

From meager accounts, Reverend James Moore must have been a friendly parson, an engaging personality. Father probably derived his sense of humor from his father's side; not from the Sadlers. They were more serious-minded people. Whenever we children visited Grandma Moore in Baltimore, there was no rough-housing. Frivolity was sure to bring destruction, according to Grandma. "You're going to get a bump some day," she would warn. Neither Father nor his brothers remembered very much of their Father, James Gibbons Moore. He was the fourth oldest of the Reverend Sherwood Peters Moore. The latter and Mary Ann Glenn, from Philadelphia, were married June 12, 1827. Lucretia Glenn Moore, a step-grandmother, according to Uncle Will, was marvelously helpful to Caroline Ann in caring for her boys.

Grandma Moore's sons all left school as soon as they were able to work, about 13 or 14. James, the oldest, was a reporter for one of the Baltimore papers. Father spoke of him as a very talented person, but his health broke, under the strain of long hours. Isaac, the third son, came to Duluth, as did William too, sometime after

Father arrived here. Isaac entered the American Exchange Bank and advanced to President of the First and American, when they merged. William entered the insurance business in Duluth, then joined partners with W. P. Dunlop in the tile business. Carey, the youngest, remained in Baltimore. Whenever the boys returned to Baltimore for a visit, they had to be in by 10 o'clock. "It ain't safe to be out after dark," opined their mother.

What George Spencer did for Father in a business way, Mrs. Spencer did for him in a social and cultural way. She opened her home to Father, saw that he made good friends, encouraged him in the reading of good literature. He became an omniverous reader and developed remarkable powers of concentration. He was a book agent's answer to prayer, for he bought set after set of standard works. On the few evenings of the week that Father stayed home, he would read, without lifting his eyes, from supper to midnight. Asked a question when in one of these deep abstractions and all one would get was an inaudible "Huh?"

Father was active in the Young People's Society of the First Methodist and Presbyterian Churches. Here is where he met Jessie Tyler and won her away from the serious attentions of another. They were married July 21, 1891 in the old wooden church on Third Avenue West and Second Street. They had five children, four boys and a daughter. The second boy, Russell Tyler, born January, 1894 lived but five months. Irving, the third son, died in military service in 1917. The others are living. These deaths were heart-breaking experiences which Mother and Father bravely withstood. I recall a visit to our old house on Nineteenth and First where we had lived. A family from Minneapolis were living there in the thirties and they, too, lost a very fine young man while living at 1829. When I got up to leave, the bereaved mother said to me, "Well, Mr. Moore, your mother lost a son here. She kept her chin up. I guess I can, too."

Grandmother and Grandfather Tyler were neighbors of ours and were always present on Thanksgiving Day or Christmas. Our household was a happy one. With the many evenings that Father

was away from home, Mother never complained. This was his work, his interest, his life. Mother was very proud of Father's leadership in the community. She respected him for taking part in the affairs of his day. Grandma Moore had somehow imparted to her sons a fine sense of responsibility, not unlike the admonition of Madam Curie's mother to her children when she lay dying. The ailing woman could not hug them, as mothers are wont to do, but called them to her bedside and said, "I have brought you into the world; be somebody."

Jessie Tyler was born in Owatonna, Minnesota, and came to Duluth with her parents shortly after Father arrived. She had suffered a lingering illness when a young girl and was a willowy young woman of 95 pounds when she taught elementary grades in Duluth's public schools. Mother was of a saving disposition, as indeed mothers have had to be through the ages. Father seldom took her counsel. He could have, with profit, but she never pressed it. She was helpful in his church work, taught a Sunday School class and was prominent in the Women's societies. Mother was in every way Father's estimable counterpart. She graciously and completely fulfilled the familiar vows: "...for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, until death do us part."

To his courageous mother, who kept the bereaved family together, to Mrs. Spencer, who filled his youthful mind with worthy ambitions and to his kindly devoted wife, these three graces, Watson Moore may attribute a good beginning and a truly rich, eventful life.

2. The Head of the House

THERE WAS MORE companionship between Father and us children when we were young than later. In our teens, business worries and heavy obligations exhausted Father. But the romping sessions, when we were young, after lo these many years, are as vivid now as if they happened last night.

There was a half hour reprieve from the inevitable "lights out", when we would share the big folks' world and they ours. Golden minutes — and then, in a final effort to prolong the day, we would plead for a story. This was usually Mother's role, Father having returned, exhausted, to the library to read in quiet.

My Grandfather Tyler was affectionately called "Daddie", by all members of the family. Father, we identified, as "Papa". Mother invariably called him Watson, and a favorite expression of hers was — "Now Watson". My sister Dorothy picked it up. After dinner, she would slide off her high chair, crawl up on Father's lap and say — "Now Watsin". Of all the children I think, in spirit and temperament, my sister is most like Father.

Of course, there was companionship between each child and Papa, but perhaps there was most between my oldest brother, Wendell, and him. How they would argue! It would exhaust a saint, but there was much humor in it. One Sunday dinner when the visiting Bishop was our guest, he asked Wendell, who was perhaps

*The Head
of the House*

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ten, how he liked the sermon. Wen replied, "You talked too loud and too long." Whereupon, Father took him upstairs and applied the slipper. About a year later, the same Bishop was at our house again. He asked Wendell the same question—"Well, young man, how did you like the sermon?" "You preached too loud and too long. Father, get the slipper."

My brother Irving captured a share of Father's gift for telling stories. He had a ready wit and pickup. For perhaps five months, the whole family, except Father, took French lessons from Professor Romieux. On one such occasion, we children had not been very attentive, had not studied, and in general, had given the professor a pretty bad time. Mother reported the monkeyshines to Father. When he came home, the storm clouds gathered. First Wendell was spanked, then Irving. But on Irving's backside Father sprained his wrist, so Dorothy and I were spared the ordeal. Neither Wen nor Irving had cried and, I think, this made Papa all the more provoked. At dinner, however, when peace and tranquility had been



*Family Home
1829 East First Street, Duluth, Minnesota
about 1924*

restored, Irving softly commented — "The angel of the Lord restrained the hand of Abraham and sprained the hand of Watson."

What Father said when asking the blessing I shall never know; he spoke so softly. Sometimes I think he was concentrating on something else and said the blessing out of habit. Father's powers of concentration were remarkable. His ability to read rapidly and retain what he had read were, no doubt, enhanced by undivided thought. The best way to get Father's attention, I found, was to write down what one wanted to say and place it in front of him. Such he would always read and answer.

Father almost always walked to work with his friends and neighbors. One time, B. C. Wade, Secretary of the Y.M.C.A. fell in with Father on his way down town. Wade was troubled; he wanted Father's advice. So all the way from 18th Avenue East to Third Avenue West, Brother Wade unburdened his soul. When they arrived at the Board of Trade, Wade said, "Now Watson, what do you think I should do?" To which Father replied — "Do about what?"

Yet, whenever we had guests for dinner, Father was the life of the party. Weeks of good reading would blossom forth in interesting, happy conversation. His wit, repartee and stories made dinner, with company, a delight to all.

On Christmas everyone, Aunts, Uncles, Cousins, Grandparents went to Aunt Jessie's and Uncle Watson's. It was family day and what a day! Never less than twenty sat down to dinner. From the hallowed hush of Daddie Tyler's devout blessing to the last "Thank you for everything" that rang through the frosty night, it was a jolly day. Stuffed turkeys at each end of the table and happy faces all around — this was home at its best. In the afternoon, all the children and Daddie Tyler went coasting. With rosy cheeks and hands numbed by cold, we were ready to sit down at the table again. In the evening, Aunt Katie would play the piano and all joined in the singing of Christmas carols and old Methodist hymns. I think of what Calvin Coolidge once said about his boyhood in Vermont. We children can say the same: "Even when I

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*Jessie Tyler Moore
approximately 1891*



*The Head
of the House
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*Watson S. Moore
Approximately 1891*

divest it of the halo that always surrounds the past, I still say, it was altogether wholesome and good."

In 1907, Father bought a car, a bright red Stevens Duryea. Our license number (local) was 130. There were just that many, then, in Duluth. It was one of the first six-cylinder cars in town, quite powerful for its day; it would take ordinary hills in high gear. The Stevens was a five passenger model, with large brass carbide lights that stuck out in front. And I might add, they took quite a beating, as we kids learned to drive.

Bill Jones, one of Father's Board of Trade friends, drove the Stevens for our family at first. Then my brother Wendell picked it up, Irving next. When the older boys went away to College, it devolved upon me to drive home from the railroad station. Father learned to drive, too. Were it not for the guardian angels keeping watch, neither Watson nor his passengers would have lived through one single hour. One time he was driving down a steep hill and should have had the engine in low gear, but did not. I can see him now—tugging at the steering wheel, muttering—"Whoa there, whoa boy" instead of putting on the brakes.

Did I say a "five passenger car"? We never set out for an evening's drive or Saturday picnic without two or three neighbor children seated on camp stools between the seats. Now this was Father Moore for you. He shared the ride. Indeed, he shared everything he had, his home, his day, his dollars, his automobile. This was an outstanding trait—a natural outgoing, outgiving, selfless nature, as common as the hat he wore. To share was not a philosophy; it was part of his blood and bones and children sensed this joy of giving in every stick of gum. Grandchildren will never forget the penny tree. There was one in our yard, one at Dorothy's home and one at Chub Lake. Peculiar thing about this tree was that it bore pennies continuously, and whenever Grandfather shook the tree, down they came. Kids are such good sports. Tell them a story at bedside, corny as all get out, made up on the spot, and yet they listen so appreciative, so good. The penny tree was like this. They knew that every penny came from his pocket and yet they

would climb up the tree, shake it and laugh and scream, as they picked up the coins and, for all the world, wouldn't want pennies any other way.

My Uncle Will writes that he remembers Christmas in Baltimore when Watson had gotten his first job. "He bought each one of the family a Christmas present out of his limited earnings." Every summer that I can remember, as a boy, Father would send his Mother and youngest brother, Carey, the money for a trip to the mountains of Pennsylvania or New York, away from the steaming red brick streets and flats of Baltimore.

Mrs. William J. Thomson (Mary Lou Moore) wrote — "One incident I recall with Uncle Watson has always lived with me, and probably has given me insight into the delight of sharing, and the joys of giving, where no return is expected. One Christmas, when I was about 8 or 9, he took me downtown on a private shopping spree and bought presents for me to give Mother and Father. I remember a very lush maroon robe for Mother, but don't know what we got Father. Then he climaxed it by getting me a darling doll house which was definitely an over and above gift. The picture of that trip with his vital chuckling personality is still very vivid."

Grandfather Moore was the most thoughtful man I ever knew in remembering children, particularly children who were sick. When I was perhaps five or six years old, I had diphtheria and was very ill. This disease is almost obliterated now, but fifty years ago, blue pasteboard signs tacked alongside of the front door were not an uncommon notice. Two things about this sickness I now recall — one was my very sore and swollen throat, the other was a spelling board, with slots in which to slide round wooden letters to spell words. Now wasn't that a thoughtful, useful gift for a sick boy who was learning to read, but couldn't talk, couldn't even sit up?

In 1922, my sister Dorothy went to Europe with Mrs. Congdon and Elisabeth. Father wrote to Dorothy frequently. His letters were always good for a chuckle. They were newsy and readable. Father's penmanship was superb. "With each letter," Dorothy said, "he invariably enclosed a one, five or ten dollar bill, with a para-

graph or two about the man whose likeness was engraved on the Bank or Treasury note." Banks issued paper currency then, and there were quite a number of statesmen and soldiers in circulation around the country.

Father was a substantial stockholder in the Tomlinson fleet of lake carriers, and frequently chartered one of the fleet for grain. So he was offered passenger accommodations on one of these freighters at least once a year. We kids had no less than six trips down the lakes, and what wonderful, exciting days we had, climbing the smokestack, masts and ladders in the hold, Daddie Tyler right behind us. Father seldom took these trips with us. He had to work. The responsibility, the work, and the investment were his; the vacation, the sights, the happy days, were for others. He even shared his place on the boat.

Nothing was too good for his children. All four had a college education, so when it came time for music lessons, we children studied piano under Carlotta S., a patient spinster who, Wendell said, "thumped like a rabbit." Dorothy could play fairly well, but brother Wendell had all the musical talent of the family. He went on to play the pipe organ. Father was very proud to have his son play the hymns at prayer meeting. Everything would be going fine, with fervor and resonant pitch when, without warning, Wen would strike a sour chord and throw the whole company off key. I told Father one time that Wendell did this on purpose, for which I was rebuked for thinking such a thing. His boys could do no wrong.

For Irving and me, piano lessons were a lost cause. Carlotta would lean on us during the lesson. I remember the metronome clicking away the long, long minutes and her breath that almost stopped the ticker. Irving and I plotted the end of this business. Father had bought Irving a small horse. We curried him, fed him and bedded him down at night. Twice a week we cleaned the stable—always just before Carlotta came. Then for good measure, we rubbed our coats against the horsey flanks. Miss S. couldn't take it. Teaching well-scrubbed little men was one thing, but a

couple of strong stable boys—No! She told Mother that Irving and Warren just didn't seem to have a sense of timing. I think our timing was perfect.

Father had no favorites. We were all disciplined about as we deserved. But I don't think Father ever spanked Dorothy. Being the only girl in the family, Father seemed to take a special parental pride in his little girl. There is a bond between father and daughter, a wholesome unguent for weary days. Dorothy always cheered him up. Hear him put it in his own words. We were in the midst of a depression—July, 1932. Father was walking to work as usual and stopped at St. Luke's to see if it had happened. It had, My first daughter, Helen, had just arrived. He said to me—"Congratulations, my boy. For you the depression is over."

We had family prayer every morning. Father would read a passage from the Scriptures and then add a short prayer, asking divine guidance and protection for the day. We children learned bible verses by heart through constant reading of Father's favorite passages, the psalms, letters of St. Paul, the Sermon on the Mount. What a wonderful heritage to leave one's children. He introduced us to the "Word", as the Psalmist wrote, "it shall be a lamp unto thy feet and a light unto thy pathway."

*The Head
of the House*

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To Share*

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*Mother and Father Moore
Chub Lake about 1916*

CHUB LAKE

Chub Lake was a "Do it yourself" refuge. This was its charm. Our cottage and lot on Chub Lake, about two miles south of Carlton, was no House and Garden prize exhibit, but we loved every square inch of this family retreat. A remodeled farmhouse, painted white, rested easily on a grassy knoll. Majestic white pines dominated the place. How they escaped the woodsman's axe, we will never know. At least three hundred years old, having come through the earthquake, wind and fire, they were veterans now and we looked upon them with admiration.

The cottage was not large; for the most part it was a screened porch. A small living room, two bedrooms, a kitchen and a glassed-in sleeping porch was it. There was no telephone, no electric lights, no running water. If one wanted any such, he supplied it himself. This was the beauty of Chub Lake; no fuss, no pretense, no formality. For Father, it was rest and peace, from the time he stepped into the car, leaving for Chub, until he returned to town.

We had no caretaker. We cut the grass, planted trees, rowed the boat, pumped the water, filled the lamps, swept the pine needles off the roof, painted the barn, trimmed the trees and chopped the wood. Everyone pitched in and everybody was happy in taking part. Later in life, as his business worries multiplied, Father's weekends of rest and restoration at Chub Lake were a double blessing. Troubles vanished and his spirit was renewed.

I can still smell the deep, rich fragrance of wild roses, the freshly cut hay and hear the rain drops falling off the heavy boughs, after the passing storm. Thunder storms at Chub were first class cannonades. On the screened-in porch, with only bulging awnings between us and the wind, we rode the wings of the storm.

It is in this delightful setting that my two boys, Russell and Irving, remember their grandfather. He would give them rides in

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of the House*

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*Watson S. Moore with his ~~Great~~ Grandsons
Russell C. Moore (right) Irving F. Moore (center)
Summer 1931*

the wheelbarrow, push them in the swing, carry them on his shoulders and walk hand in hand with them to the beach. We did not have a fireplace, but instead built a fire in the Franklin stove. Kerosene lamps flickering in the gusts and crackling fire in the stove, made a household of cheer in spite of the chilly nights.

Father loved fruit trees. We planted cherry trees, pears, plums and apples in the garden back of the house. Roots took hold and our orchard almost made it, but the war came on, we boys left for service and the rabbits killed almost every tree. We planted spruce trees also along the property line and in the later years self-planted pines were springing up all over the place. I recall the last day we spent at Chub Lake. My heart was heavy as the oncoming pines seemed to say — “You are going, just as we are coming.”

If there was anything Father liked better than fruit, it was lemonade. Father could never pass a lemonade stand without stopping to buy a glass. Whether pink lemonade at the circus, a tempting pitcher at Coney Island or a watered down nectar at some kid's stand, Father sampled it. For lemonade anywhere, day or night, Father was a soft touch. Part of the fun of working on the place was the thought of the delicious pitcher of lemonade sitting there in the shade of the porch. Sometimes we called our Chub Lake home “Watmore”. It could also have been called “Watson's Do it Yourself”.

I remember one morning we had oatmeal for breakfast. All of us were dressed for the office and about to drive to town. It was a beautiful summer day, warm, serene, idyllic. Father had just finished the blessing and reached for a bottle of cream. He pressed in on the cap — and out squirted cream all over his head and face. I can still see Father's sheepish grin, as his nose and heavy eyebrows dripped coffee cream down onto his oatmeal and necktie. Mother said, “Why dearie, what have you done?” Father was never mechanically adept, not even with cream bottles.

Sunday mornings at home in winter, and sometimes in the early fall at Chub Lake, we had delicious buckwheat cakes. Bucky-pans, as my boys called them, were always a favorite. They are a

family weakness. Whenever we had a house guest and buckwheat cakes were served, Father liked to tell the story of an old Circuit Rider that never failed to stop at a mountain cabin where the buckwheats were extra special. The jar of buckwheat batter was placed on the hearth next to the fire to rise over night. Just as the Sky Pilot entered the room, he saw his hostess reach for the jar, extract a lathered up cat, squeeze its hide with a "sleech—eech" and say, "Get out, that's twice you've been in there today."

One Sunday Father had his Sunday School Class at Chub Lake for their bible lesson and dinner. We had watermelon for dessert. For Father, there was nothing schizophrenic about religion and a picnic. Watermelon, lemonade, the gospel, and God's wonderland were all one big blessing. And at this particular session of his Sunday School Class, I was privileged to be present. The lesson was on the 14th Chapter of 1st Corinthians—"Tho I speak with the tongue of men and angels and have not charity, etc." Father was in top form. The folks were seated on the ground on the top of the knoll overlooking the lake, but they were looking at him, not the lake.

After hearing many sermons, I am convinced of one most important ingredient of power in the spoken word. It is conviction. Father's talks were never so eloquent as they were understandable and packed with conviction. Billy Sunday told him one time, "You should have been a preacher." St. Paul would have been proud of Watson on the little round-top that morning, for his exposition of the famous chapter made the words live again.

3. Grain Merchant

THE GRAIN EXCHANGES of North America and Europe, unique as marketing agencies, were flourishing at the turn of the century. But in recent times, the Farm and Commodity program of the Government so overshadows the grain business, that the exchanges, in all but Chicago, Minneapolis and Winnipeg, have folded their tents. Something like the guilds of medieval Europe, grain exchanges, or Boards of Trade as they are sometimes called, were organized to facilitate the orderly marketing of small grains. It was the need of storage, transportation, milling and financing of the ever-increasing yield of the prairies, that spawned these emporiums of trade.

The Chicago Board of Trade was the largest, and still is. Similar exchanges were organized in Kansas City, Minneapolis, Buffalo, Baltimore, New York, Winnipeg and Duluth. Memberships sold in five figures. They operated under their own rules. Standard of ethics between members was high. Quotations on prices of all grains, for delivery at a future date, called "futures", were chalked up on the blackboards of the exchanges. Speculation and trading in grain futures was as common and widespread as trading on the stock exchange. These trading facilities, in one month, could create more millionaires or break more bank accounts than any race track ever could. They were uproarious, colorful institutions, a circus with-

*Grain
Merchant*

out the elephants. But they created what every commodity needs most, a ready market. The exchange was a bourse where shipper, miller, warehousemen and broker could meet, transact business and, at any moment of the day, know the value of the commodity he handled.

Grain markets, not limited in fluctuations then, as now, were as sensitive to plague and droth as a school kid to measles. Let an earthquake rock Italy and the quotations on the blackboards would vibrate. So exhausted would Father be, with the day's market gyrations, that he would nap for an hour at noon, at home, and then rested, return to the office for the afternoon's work. The exchanges usually closed at one or one-thirty. Moments before the closing bell sounded, bedlam would break loose, with traders running around trying to fill their commitments, before the close of the session.

George Spencer and Watson Moore were partners, doing business on the Duluth Board of Trade, under the name of Spencer, Moore & Co. It was organized in 1890 and continued until May, 1911. This firm grew out of the relationship of Father's employment in the office of George Spencer & Co. As a young man of 16, Father responded to a letter of inquiry, from Mr. Spencer, to the Secretary of the Baltimore Corn & Flour Exchange. Father was the Assistant Secretary of the Exchange. His letter of application was an excellent one, according to Mr. Spencer, and he was offered the position forthwith.

In the new firm of Spencer, Moore & Co., of course, Mr. Spencer, some twenty years older than Father, was the senior partner. Father was by far the most active of the two. They had individual and country elevator accounts, and sold cargos of grain to millers and foreign shippers at New York, Baltimore and Buffalo. They chartered steamers for lake shipment or winter storage. They traded with terminal elevator companies, selling in car lots and buying in cargo lots. It was a good business and the partners prospered.

My Father considered gambling a cardinal sin. He would not play cards because such games were often played for high stakes.

Card games in Clubs and saloons were not penny ante affairs. He had seen families suffer, because the husband or father had gambled away his salary check and, not infrequently, lost money that did not belong to him. But buying and selling futures in the grain market was different. Here, supposedly, the trader had a reason for a commitment. Winnipeg July wheat, one might reason, ought to be higher than Chicago, because of more protein in the Canadian cereal. On growing conditions, all over the grain belt, trade gossip, and predictions of market commentators, Father was well informed. Everyday he read the Chicago Tribune, the Minneapolis Journal, the Winnipeg Free Press, the New York Times and our two Duluth dailies. Father had worlds of sound reasoning behind his trades. The trouble was that, so often, other traders did not agree.

At times I was tempted to ask Father what the difference was, between the grain market and a horse race, but I didn't dare. Could there be anything more fickle than the weather or more unpredictable than an international incident, one might ask? Then there was the occasional raid on the market by some heavy trader for a corner of the market, that would send prices skyrocketing. A "corner" is a squeeze play, whereby a buyer in some particular contract month, such as Chicago May, would buy so heavily as to run the price up and up to the point that sellers would be trapped, unable to buy in their contracts. It was such abuses that brought down severe criticisms upon the Exchanges and caused laws to be passed restricting price fluctuations. On one particular hectic day, on the Produce Exchange in New York, Father's face and neck became so flushed that I thought he would have a stroke. I have seen the statement of the W. S. Moore Grain Co. change as much as \$100,000.00 in one day.

To get back to the beginning of this business, Father's first job was messenger boy for the predecessor of the Postal Telegraph, in Baltimore. He was 13 and had completed seven elementary grades. Pressure of family income required that he help out. His older brother, James, was already at work. Long hours over his

newspaper job brought on a nervous breakdown from which brother James never recovered. Will Moore wrote that Father did not like his uniform nor the messenger job. Father mentioned to me, once, that telegraph boys had to deliver and call for messages at houses of ill repute. However, this young man made an impression on the Secretary of the Baltimore Corn and Flour Exchange and secured a position as Assistant to the Secretary, late in 1880. Here he was introduced to the grain business, and I'll warrant, bought his first 1,000 bushels of wheat. The inoculation took.

Watson Moore, age 16, set out for Duluth in April, 1884. He had only a few dollars in his pocket besides his ticket, and the aforementioned letter from Mr. Spencer. Radiant over his new venture, Watson, like Ben Franklin, proudly walking the empty streets of Philadelphia that certain Sunday morning long ago, was taking possession of new land. There was excitement in going out West. As night wore on, he fell asleep. In the lurching and twisting of the notorious B & O, his pocketbook fell out onto the seat while he slept. Upon waking, it was — — ? — No Sir, not gone, but still there beside him on the cushions.

The firm of Spencer, Moore & Co. became well known. Their office was 305 Board of Trade. Father, with friends or neighbors, usually walked to work, arriving at the office at 8:30 or 8:45. The Trading Floor opened at 9:30 and closed at 1:30. Father ordinarily spent all of his mornings there, and in the afternoons he received callers and engaged in much of his civic and church work. It was easy to see Watson Moore. He had time to hear about one's distress, time to discuss civic movement, time to talk about Sunday School with the minister. Father was not only generous with his money but of his time also. Not infrequently, of course, the calls were business. One time, Mr. Hegardt, President of the American Exchange Bank, called at 305. Gus Hegardt was in high dudgeon, for Isaac Moore, the bank's Vice President, when Mr. Hegardt was out of town, had loaned Father a sum of money on what Mr. Hegardt considered inadequate collateral. Hegardt hiked up to Father's office, burst through the door, tossed the collateral onto

the office table and said, "Watson, this stuff is no good." "I know it isn't," said Father, and reaching for the waste basket, swept all the collateral off of the table. Astonished, but laughing, Mr. Hegardt reached down into the basket, gathered up the papers and walked out.

Once in a while, I visited the gallery of the trading floor on the Board of Trade. Below was a veritable ant hill, with messengers and traders moving, or running, in every direction. Standing around an octagon pit, were men shouting and gesturing, while telegraph operators, in response to the tapping of a dozen keys, wrote quotations on a huge black board. Capital letters written along the top of the black board read, CHICAGO, MINNEAPOLIS, WINNIPEG. It gave the trading floor quite a cosmopolitan air. Periodically, the tumult would die down, until the rapid tat-tat-tat of the telegraph key would signal activity on some other exchange. And then the hustle and bustle, waving and shouting, like a western rodeo, would begin all over again.

To get away from these hectic sessions, once in a while, was a relief for Father. He always seemed to relax on a train. He loved a train ride, particularly a sleeper. One time, enroute to Chicago, a big fat negress, known about the town, had the upper berth over Father. What to do about it? Ask the conductor for another berth? Studying his Sunday School lesson, he read the words, "God is no respecter of persons". Thereupon, he offered the madam his lower berth and he took the upper above. I'll warrant the City Council got a charge out of this.

One time Father Moore happily asked me to accompany him on a trip to Jamestown, N.D. I must have been about 12. He had been asked to speak at some church function there. We visited together like we had never talked before. We were a night and a day on the North Coast Limited out of Minneapolis. Passing mile after mile of wheat fields, he explained the movement of grain to market. I began to comprehend the business a little. There were miles of plowed furrows, rich black soil laid bare for autumn frosts to work their chemistry. To my boyish mind, plowing, disking,

seeding and harvest had more appeal than the intricacies of marketing. There is something wholesome about the good earth. It is here that man and his work come close to God. There is a partnership between the expectant earth and friendly skies. I sensed a partnership, too, with Father, on this trip. He was bringing me along, as the warm sun does the tender shoots.

Mr. Spencer, until the day he died, stood as straight as an Indian brave. Dignified, reserved, inscrutable, he commanded respect. His thin, snow-white hair contrasted with his dark visage and very black eyes. Here was self respect, not without reason, and from his stolid mien, one might suspect a touch of the bow and arrow.

They made a good team, for Father's nature was quite opposite, friendly, outgoing, demonstrative and humorous. In the earlier years, the partnership was very successful. Father was the dynamic generator of business in these opulent days. But in time, the business changed. Opportunities to forward grain, to buy and sell to advantage became restricted. Chains of country elevators began to absorb accounts. The competition for country elevator business increased. It became harder and harder to make money without speculating in the grain market. Living standards, civic and church responsibilities demanded a continuation of his scale earnings. He could not do it without daring commitments in the market. It worked for a while, but then there came one of those market upsets and one morning in 1909 the firm of Spencer, Moore & Co. announced that it could not meet its commitments.

The grain trade was stunned, Mr. Spencer, horrified. He could take the profits of the fat years, and possibly the losses, in his stride, but the stigma of failure was too hard for this proud man to bear. Father ultimately made good all of the losses without any help from his partner. The evening before the announcement, Father called his little flock together in the living room of our home and, in sad, sombre words, told us that he was in deep financial distress. He thought we would lose our home. Mother was softly weeping and there was not a dry eye in the circle. We boys

were accustomed to receiving a dollar a week allowance. That was all over now. For we children, of course, it was all for the best. I hustled up a morning paper route that paid me three times my former allowance. How many times in morning family prayers I had heard Father read, "He that maketh the ear will he not hear." The prayers that drifted heavenward from our living room that night were most certainly heard. For in the morning, an unforeseen, unusual and unprecedented event took place.

The announcement was not one half hour old before four members of the Board of Trade, each handed Watson Moore a check for \$25,000. The money was unsolicited, no strings. No note even; here was \$100,000 on which to commence business again. Father was flabbergasted. The four friends were George Barnum, Sr., A. D. Thomson, Julius Barnes and G. A. Tomlinson. What a testimony of friendship! What a tribute to character. There comes to mind the words out of the book, "And it shall return unto you after many days."

Mr. Spencer retired from Spencer-Moore in May, 1911. The firm had gotten back onto its feet, but never to pick up its former stride. Father then formed his own company, W. S. Moore Grain Co. After some financial difficulties in 1911, Father finally paid all of the debts incurred in the 1909 failure and all the obligations of the 1911 market skirmish. He sold a tract of land along the St. Louis River to U. S. Steel and platted a large number of lots at Gary, which contributed much to his financial recovery. By 1916 and 1917, Father was again fairly re-established financially.

Through these terribly trying days, Father never lost poise nor courage. For constant, unswerving faith, Job had nothing on Watson. In the first prayer meeting after the failure of 1909, Father stood straight up, squared his shoulders and said, "I have always prayed that my money would never come between my God and me. Now I know it never will."

When World War I broke out, Julius Barnes, or rather Barnes Ames Company, opened an office in New York. The firm began to expand into export of grain, so desperately needed in

England and the Continent. When the United States entered the conflict in 1917, Congress created the United States Grain Corporation to supervise and regulate the orderly marketing and processing of grains and avoid profiteering in basic foodstuffs. President Wilson appointed Herbert Hoover to head the Food Administration and, in turn, Hoover appointed Julius Barnes President of the United States Grain Corporation. Father became a director and was elected Secretary and then Vice President. During these war years, Father's grain business was completely suspended. He gave his entire business thought and energy to the work of the Corporation. He liked Herbert Hoover and was devoted to the new friends that he made through this association. However, these days, packed with interest, excitement even, were suddenly darkened by the loss of his son Irving and the journey home with Irving's body in December, 1917 was a sad interlude in this season of public service.

After the war was over, Father again opened his office in Duluth but also maintained an office in New York. He purchased a membership on the New York Produce Exchange, in addition to his Chicago, Minneapolis, Winnipeg and Duluth memberships. He found this eastern contact to be helpful in his business. Mother and he rented an apartment on Riverside Drive and each year until 1925, spent half of the winter and spring in New York City, the balance of the year in Duluth. But the opportunities to move cargos of grain were limited, if not gone. Trades were not too fortunate and in 1925, Father became financially embarrassed again, barely solvent. This was a body blow, from which he never recovered. There were new debts. These weighed heavily. Had it not been for restful Chub Lake, Father would have died before he did. Nevertheless, these obligations wore him down. In his thirties and forties, obligations of \$100,000 or \$200,000 would have been part of the day's work, but in one's sixties, time is against one; it's a different story. Yet with all the discouragement, Father kept his sense of humor and his trust in God. He had made money. He had at times been wealthy. He knew that his life had been rich in friendships, service to his country and to his Creator. These achieve-

ments must surely have refreshed his sagging spirit, like an incoming tide, after a moment's depression.

Laughing one day, Father called me aside. Here was the true gauge of the man. It was perhaps a year before the end. He had been mowing the terrace of his front lawn, when a very well-to-do and prominent citizen came along. The man was walking home from his office. Seeing Father pushing the mower, he said, "Good afternoon, Watson" and then added, "That's the way I got my start". Probably the man did not mean it as the words sounded, suggesting a great gulf between their stations. To Father, the remark was amusing. He saw achievement in true perspective. No, he did not have as much laid by as the passing friend, but what he had neither moth nor rust would corrupt, nor would thieves break through and steal. Aye, there was a gulf, and we children are proud of it.

*Grain
Merchant*

4. Alderman Moore

FOR TEN YEARS, Father was Alderman from the First Ward in the City Council of Duluth. He had a fairly tough contest the first time he ran in 1901; never after that. One time a druggist, who, it was rumored, ran a blind pig in the East End, filed against Father, but he and his pig lost. Both Mother and Father had the knack of meeting people on their own level; they did not talk up or down to anyone. In campaigning, Father went from house to house, to the neighbor's homes, to the garbage man's hut at the edge of the woods and to the ice man's house below the tracks. He picked up votes and stories with every call.

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To Share*

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One time, I attended a Council Meeting and saw Father do battle on a motion to rescind the liquor license of a saloon keeper who sold to minors. I don't recall whether the motion carried or not. But he always championed the dry side of a liquor question. Father was for many years Chairman of the Streets Committee. Many of the beautiful maples and elms that grace our streets were planted at the instigation of the Committee which he headed.

One time when Father was absent from the Council meeting, a sale of the City's maintenance shops was made to Paddy McDonald, a local contractor. Father was astounded to learn what the Council had done in his absence. He stormed, as he could. The

sale was rescinded at the very next session. Judge Fesler, who was City Attorney when Father was a Councilman, said on one occasion, "When Watson Moore joined the City Council, the City Hall was no longer for sale."

Father always said that public service surpassed any other. He was overjoyed when the writer filed for City Commissioner in 1931. And how he campaigned for me! Every afternoon, he would be found trudging from house to house, ringing the door bell and introducing the subject of a vote for his son. I was elected. When it came time for a succeeding campaign in 1935, he had gone. I was defeated. The different outcome was in part, at least, due to no Watson Moore calling house to house.

When Commissioner, I lost confidence in the Health Director, who had served in that capacity for many years. I appointed instead, Dr. Mario Fischer, an M.D. in excellent standing. The fired director was a brother-in-law of one of Father's best friends. The brother-in-law was furious and attempted to secure my recall. He went to see Father to get him to intercede. Father's answer to the good friend sounded like one of Calvin Coolidge's laconic remarks, "Warren has the job and the responsibility. Guess we'll have to let him run it."

One day the Fire Department took the entire City Council on a tour of the fire halls and put on several demonstrations. Father brought his three boys along. It made a great impression on me. We drove around in some of the first automobiles in town, but the Department's equipment was still horse drawn. The exhibition of trained horse flesh at Headquarters was superb. At the sound of the fire bell, out they came, trotting to their places, while the harness dropped onto their backs. What a sight, men and horses running to their stations! Everything was out of the barn in a minute. We boys thought Papa was quite a man to be the head of all this.

One of the hose carts put on a demonstration of running out a block of hose, hooking up to the hydrant and turning on the water in record time. Chief Black was standing by with his watch

*Alderman
Moore*

in hand. When the water was turned on, it squirted out through the coupling on the Councilmen standing near. The Chief's face was florid. Father said, "The poor pipeman will have quite a time putting that fire out."

About 1912 or 1913, the Commission form of government had taken the place of Mayor and Council. William A. Hicken was Commissioner of Public Safety and a fearless one. For some reason, the Duluth News Tribune began a series of articles and editorials criticising Hicken and condemning his administration of the Police Department. The good people of the city were incensed. Father, probably as the chief instigator, called a mass meeting at the Shrine Auditorium. Several speakers took the newspaper to task and a resolution was overwhelmingly supported, indicting the paper. It demonstrated the confidence that the town had in some of its good leaders, including, of course, Watson Moore. Dr. Pace, at Father's funeral, said that there was not one good civic movement in the last thirty years in which Watson Moore did not have a part.

5. God's Layman

IN GRANDMOTHER MOORE'S household, there were family prayers before breakfast. Here is where Father and his brothers received their religious instruction. No doubt, this is the high purpose to which Grandma Moore held, in keeping the family together, instead of allowing the boys to be adopted by relatives, when Grandfather Moore died. In her mind, spiritual wants were to be answered first; bodily needs were second. All five of Grandma Moore's sons were loyal churchmen, attending, working for, and giving to the church. Facing grave problems, she found answers on her knees. She left her sons the priceless heritage of a knowledge of the Bible and a habit of daily prayer.

Although devoted to his family and diligent in business, Father's consuming ambitions were for the church. The church was his hobby. He was no club man. He joined no fraternal society, except one which, he soon dropped. As a mariner setting his course by compass, Father steered by the scriptures, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God." Fraternities and clubs were all right, but not for him. I recall a comment of Father's when the Knights Templar marched into church, on their annual visit. Their blue uniforms, white gloves and plumed hats were impressive to a boy. Father whispered to me, "Many good men, but the Church is the main tent in religious affairs."

*God's
Layman*

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To Share*

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*Jessie Tyler Moore
approximately 1925*



*God's
Layman*

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*Watson S. Moore
approximately 1925*

A complacent, comfortable religious philosophy Father could not abide. Science and health he considered a sedative, not a cure for the world's ills. He wanted the church, his church, to be a militant voice, aroused and arrayed against the forces of evil. Father's favorite hymn expressed it:

*"Soldiers of the cross arise!
Lo, your Leader from the skies,
Waves before you glory's prize,
The prize of victory.
Sieze your armor, gird it on;
Now the battle will be won;
See, the strife will soon be done;
Then struggle manfully."*

He did, and his manful struggle was indeed a victory. We sang this hymn at his funeral service. It seemed a most appropriate thing to do.

On many a cold winter's night, with a crackling fire and a good book inviting him to recline and relax, he would don his overcoat and go forth to some Church or civic meeting. Monday night was City Council; Thursday night, prayer meeting, and on many other nights in the month, he would be asked to speak at some Men's Club or Sunday School gathering.

Father more than tithed. He gave much of his income to the church, but of his time, there was no end to his giving. Most people consider that they have done their duty by going to Church once on Sunday. But Watson Moore, and his whole family, went to church twice each Sunday and then to Sunday School after church. Sunday was the Lord's day around our house. Then there was mid-week prayer service, which he never missed. There were no autos then, to jump into and scoot. It took a full half-hour to go down town by street car and another half or three-quarters to come home, besides a ten or fifteen minute wait on a blustery street corner. But tired though he might be, he never begged off on these duties. Let the church bell ring and, like an old fire horse, at the sound of

the gong, he was into his harness and off to the congregation.

Father was Treasurer of the Board of Trustees of the First Methodist Church for thirty-five years. He was a member of the Building Committee, where the present structure was built in 1891. He was lay delegate to the Methodist General Conference in Los Angeles in 1904. This convocation made a great impression on Father, as indeed did he on the Conference, for he addressed the entire body. In Los Angeles, he met Bishop McIntyre, Bishop MacDowell, Bishop Quale and other great leaders of Methodism. Father's zeal for the church and its work was always at a high pitch, but at Los Angeles, it attained new heights.

Father loved church people, most of all the officers and teachers of the Sunday School. These he considered "doers of the word and not hearers only." For twenty years, he was Superintendent of the Sunday School at First Church. Twenty years were here stored up, where neither rust nor moth can corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal. Under his guidance the Sunday School grew to nearly 1,000. On Sunday picnics and the Christmas party, attendance probably exceeded this. The teachers and staff thought the sun rose and set by Watson Moore. He counseled them, praised them, inspired them. He met with them, worked with them, prayed with them.

Father's sincerity captured their loyalty. From some old Sunday School notes of his, I copied this moving, reverent prayer: "We come humbly to the throne of grace through no merit of our own, but at thy gracious invitation. Thy gifts have been showered upon us that we have so often forgotten from whence they came. We pray today for the hungry, may they be fed; they without shelter, protect them; wounded hearts, bind up; the sick and the suffering, may the everlasting arms be as comfortable to them as down pillows. Thou supreme lover of little children, may Thou be their guide and protector, as Thou hast been through the ages. For our sins, what can we say? We just bow our heads while our advocate, Jesus Christ the righteous, pleads our case for the forgiveness of the Father. His love never faileth, so we pray as he taught us."

*God's
Layman*

To Father Moore, the most important work of the Church was the Sunday School. Without his forceful plea for the building of a Community House, at a certain Official Board Meeting that I recall, it never would have been built. There was considerable opposition to it. "We didn't have the money." "This was not the time." Arguments to delay were many, but his motion to build prevailed. The most important part of the church service, to his mind, was not the sermon, but the prayer. "My house is a house of prayer." "This," said Father, "is where a man faces up to what he should be."

As for the scriptures, as he customarily referred to the Bible, I would say his favorite passage was one of two, the 13th Chapter of First Corinthians, or the 25th Chapter of Matthew, verses 14 to the end. These writings contained the essence of his religion. He knew them by heart and by deed. Because the Scriptures were so familiar to Father, its sayings permeated his thought, his letters and his prayers. He prayed as easily as he talked, except that in his prayers, deep reverence was apparent. His words were so sincere and so carefully phrased that people listened. God listened too. One night at prayer meeting in St Paul's Church in New York, Father prayed for the minister. There had been some criticism of the pastor, by certain Trustees. The preacher was downhearted and Father knew it. In his prayer, Father thanked God for the minister's unselfish devotion to the Church, for his dedicated life, for his tireless effort, etc. After the service, the preacher, Dr. Forman, shook Father's hand and said, "Thank you, Watson, for what you said to God about me." The criticism died right there.

Long after Father Moore had passed away, I was reading from the Bible that he had given to me one Christmas. I ran across a treasured passage that he had marked, unknown to me. I pass this jewel on. It is found in the Book of Proverbs, third chapter, 6th verse, "In all thy ways acknowledge Him and He will direct thy paths."

Father liked preachers. First, because they were educated men. Second, they were dedicated men, and again, for the most part,

they were human brothers. Mother and Father usually invited the visiting preacher to Sunday dinner. The conversation at the table, on these occasions, was always lively. Sermons and lectures both, in our church, were cultural. The First Methodist Church was the town's auditorium. Father, for a number of years, was the president of the Star Lecture Course, a Men's Club activity. Many of the leading figures of the country, a half century ago, lectured in our church. Add to these countless sermons, that Father heard delivered from the pulpit, and you will appreciate his gratitude for the church, when he said, "It was my university."

Of the four ministers that served our church during my boyhood, two were outstanding in their influence on the church and upon Father. Likewise, his life was of great significance to them and their ministry here. The first of these two memorable preachers was M. S. Rice, who came to our church as a young man. He had misgivings about moving to Duluth from a small charge in Iowa and said to Bishop Quale, "What if I fail?" Bishop Quale answered, "There is a layman in Duluth by the name of Watson Moore. With him, a member of your congregation, you cannot fail." When Dr. Rice later went to Woodward Avenue Methodist Church in Detroit and built a new church there, he asked Father to give the pulpit, which he did. Dr. Rice said one time that the two men in Duluth, who influenced his life most, were Watson S. Moore and Chester A. Congdon.

The Rice and the Moore families were as close friends as Watson and Mert. The Rices had six children. We had four, at that time. Often we had Sunday night supper together. Dr. Rice was a very jovial, demonstrative person, and a good story teller. Father was tops in repartee too. These were jolly occasions. Dr. Rice's oldest son, Eugene, was a close friend of mine. His second son, Allen, is a Methodist preacher in the Illinois Conference and a good one. One Sunday evening we were all together at the parsonage. Conversation had been gay and continuous until there came one of those lulls in the happy talk, when, for a moment, nothing was said. And then all of a sudden, without warning, Ruskin,

*God's
Layman*

a four year old, blurted out, "Onct Ma threw a potato at Pa."

Dr. Charles Nelson Pace was Father's pastor for seventeen years. They were great friends. Dr. Pace was a well educated, even a learned man. The Librarian at the Public Library said that Dr. Pace was one of two who used the library more than any other. Two different sermons on Sunday, a mid-week service talk, and a frequent funeral service, comprised no easy schedule, for which to prepare. But Dr. Pace found time somehow to visit the offices of business men. He had a developed sense of humor. Father always liked to have Charlie drop in. Dr. Pace did not remain in Duluth for long after Father died. He said that for himself too, it was time to move. Ultimately, Dr. Pace was elected President of Hamline University.

One must also mention Father's great respect for Dr. Thoburn, Dr. Hoffman and other pastors of First Church. They all had a place in his heart and he in theirs. Father's vigorous dissent to any interpretation of the Bible or philosophy, with which he did not agree, was as quick and ominous as a thunder head. I recall a heated argument between Father and Dr. Rice that had Mrs. Rice and Mother crying. But it ended in each respecting the other more, for his faithful adherence to personal convictions. There was nothing narrow in Father's religious belief; neither did he want his God fenced in.

During the years that Watson Moore was a Vice President of the United States Grain Corporation and resided in New York, he transferred his active interest in the church to St. Paul's Methodist Church on West End Avenue. The first Sunday that Mother and Father attended services there, they introduced themselves to the people that sat next to them. Both Mother and Father were pros at meeting people. It was their nature to be friendly. In no time at all, they knew as many people in St. Paul's, New York as they did at First Church in Duluth.

Father's capacity for leadership was quickly recognized in New York. For five years, he was President of the New York City Missionary Society, an organization to assist in the building of

churches, in that area, and President of the Church Federation of Greater New York, at least two terms. He became a Trustee of St. Paul's Methodist Church and a member of the Board of Managers of the American Bible Society. Father could not say "No" to a preacher. The counter in his office in Duluth and his reception room at 120 Broadway, were both favorite ports of call for soldiers of the Cross. As a hobo's mark on the gate post was formerly the sign of a handout, Watson Moore's office door was always open to ministers seeking help.

Struggling young preachers sought his counsel. One such was Dr. Ralph W. Sockman of New York. In response to my inquiry, "Do you remember Watson Moore," Dr. Sockman wrote the enclosed letter. It is an appropriate conclusion to this chapter on Father's paramount concern in life:

"November 4, 1962

Dear Mr. Moore:

Yes, indeed I remember your father. When I was beginning my ministry here in New York he was a source of inspiration. I recall his coming to address our struggling Madison Avenue Church from what was a much stronger church, St. Paul's.

He spoke so engagingly of our young people's work and I was told afterward that he had expressed confidence in my parish because of the young people in it. This was a great help at the time because we were struggling against what seemed unsurmountable odds. This attitude of your father struck me as symbolic of his character. He preserved his youthful outlook.

He had a personal enthusiasm which was magnetic and one could tell that he was deeply grounded in a genuine faith. He was a mighty force in New York Methodism during his residence here. I am glad to know that you are writing his life and I wish you all success in it.

Sincerely yours,
Signed — Ralph W. Sockman."

*God's
Layman*

6. Sundown

IN OCTOBER, 1932, Father experienced a numbness in his hand and a temporary loss of speech. He was not unduly alarmed over this warning bell, for his speech was almost fully restored within the month. He was improving in health as the year ended, and the following January, when watching a ski tournament at Fond du Lac with my boys and me, he seemed unusually alert. He was amused at the little fellows, deeply engrossed in the riders sailing through the air. But almost the next day, there came a second and severe stroke. The third and last one came ten days or two weeks later.

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To Share*

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During these last days, I recall a dream which I had one night. It could have taken place in his mind as well. In my dream, I saw Father standing by the shore of a calm and expansive water course; he was looking out toward the lighted but distant shore. Then, from somewhere, there came the familiar words, "When thou passeth through the waters, I will be with thee." Two mornings later, January 26, 1933, the boatman touched shore and took him.

There is an afterglow to a life, such as Father Moore's, not unlike the sunset glow of a brilliant day. The afterglow here is the sweet distillate of an admirable life. At all times thoughtful and true, in family or business life; it was, however, in his association with the church that Father's life truly blossomed. He was Church

treasurer when our church on Third Street was built, and he loved every stone in it. But neither the edifice, which he helped to build, nor its warm, restful sanctuary, crowded with memories, stirred his soul. His church was not the building, but the fold; not pleasing appointments, but the worshippers within; not excellent acoustics, but those who heard; not the erudite preacher, even, but what was said.

Father Moore was truly a son of Methodism. As for symbols and litany, the less, the better. He judged both man and church by what he or it did, and the Word was the important theme. The temple at Jerusalem was a magnificent structure, but within its shadow, Jesus was condemned. The churches of old England in the 18th century were beautiful Gothic works, but their doors were closed to John Wesley. The first Methodist churches were open fields and collieries. "By their fruits ye shall know them", was his gauge of worth.

And it is by this standard, too, that he also lived. Father's constant concern was for his fellow man. I am certain that he will one day hear from the Master Himself the familiar words, recorded in Matthew: "I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me. . . . Verily, I say unto you, inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me."

Sundown

Rebecca Davis
b. Oct. 9, 1780
d. July 12, 1867

married May 17

Isabella Trimble

Rebecca Sadler

Anna Sadler

John Sadler

Sherwood Peters Moore

Margaret Williams

married J Children by first wife

Lucretia G. Moore
1828-1829

Mary Ellen Moore
1830-1844

Joseph Stephen
1832-185

Evan S. Tyler

Julia Tyler

Ellen Haley
b. Nov. 8, 1846
d. Dec. 25, 1916

married Feb. 4, 1868

James Gibbons Moore, Jr.

Watson Sutherland Moore
b. Nov. 13, 1867
d. Jan. 26, 1933

Jessie Tyler
b. Dec. 23, 1868
d. July 30, 1962

Louella T. Wallace

ngdon
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